Times in the Nassau Athletic Club-The Coming Fight Between Jack Mo-Anlife and Jem Carney Exciting Sporting Men all Over the Country-The Trot-



SPECIALLY American is the great growth in all kinds of sports the past few years, says Mr. Shepard. "Every branch of winter sport especially athletics-will be lively this season. There are ten football teams where there was one last year, and billiards among amateurs will be a rage. More tables are being put in private houses than ever before, and ladies seem to be go-

ing in for caroms as much as their brothers ing in for caroms as much as their brothers and friends. There is going to be some good curling later on. The Palma Club, of Jersey City, which came out within one of the top in the bowling contests last year, besides keeping up interest in its alleys is going in heavily for fencing. There is talk of getting up a fencing championship tournament, which would be as exciting as the boxing and wrestling championships." Mr. Shepard says he thinks toboganing will be an even greater craze this cold season than last winter, and sticks for rink polo playing are already being laid in.

are already being laid in.

The rapidly coming forward Nassau Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, has moved into its new headquarters on Washington street, and on Nov. 15 will nominate and post its candidates for the coming election. Tagliabue, formerly of the old Brooklyn Athletic Association, will probably be a candidate for the club Presidency, and a disposition is being shown to give the new members their full share of the offices. The "Indians" will put in a lot of entries for the Twenty-second Regiment's armory games, including a tug-of-war team.

Pop Schoeneck, the Nassau Athletic Club's

Pop Schoeneck, the Nassau Athletic Club's Pop Schoeneck, the Nassau Athletic Club's captain, is an expert amateur photographer and a crank on taking things. He "takes" everything and everybody and has a collection of over one hundred and fifty clever views of his family and friends, including W. C. Adams, Linderman, Kraft, Robertson, Murray and Rockwell, in all sorts of attitudes and groups, and all the places of interest about his place at Flatbush. Schoeneck has all the crack amateurs' photographs in reduced sizes on small bits of paper no larger than postage-stamps, and the mucilage on the backs makes these miniatures very handy.

The all-absorbing talk among the sports at

the backs makes these miniatures very handy.

The all-absorbing talk among the sports at present is the approaching mill between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for \$4,500 and the light-weight championship of the world. "Say what you will," said one well-known judge of pugilism yesterday, "I won't believe McAuliffe means fight till I see him in the ring, and Carney's backers share my opinion, for they are keeping the Birmingham man's training place a dead secret for fear the Williams-burger or his friends will cause him to be arrested and get out of the mill that way." It is more generally believed in New York that McAuliffe is really fit and that he will not only face Carney this time, but give him the battle of his life. Dempsey, who is training and is to second the American light-weight, has certainly rendered inestimable service. Jimmy Colville, of Boston, was stopped yesterday on his way home from the Washington races, and went down to see his man at Rockaway. "He is doing splendidly. Never saw him look so well, and he is going to win," said Colville to The Evening World man at the Gilsey House, on his return. The battle promises to be one of the hardest to see that has taken place in years. Only thirty men all told are to be around the ring when the fight takes place, according to the articles, and either man bringing an extra friend is liable to forfeit the money up. Two hundred and fifty dollars apiece is the money asked and gladly paid for the privilege of witnessing this mill." Two tickets from the Carney side were sent on from Boston last week and were taken at once by two famous club men. Some Harvard College men are anxious to be spectaken at once by two famous club men. Some Harvard College men are anxious to be spec-tators. The referee is a New York sport, and the battle will be fought near Boston inside of ten days.

Little Dick and the Shaughraun will have their match trot at the driving club's track at Fleetwood to-morrow afternoon. The "cup" trot for the 8.00 class horses, to top road wagons, gentlemen drivers, will also take

Al Fleischman, the amateur 120-pound all around athlete, is training for cross-country running this year.

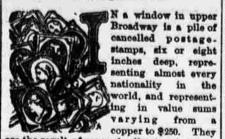
HILLIARD'S MISTAKE.



ville, and Harry Hilliard paused before the glittering array of feminine finery in one of the silk-mercer's windows that marked the homeward way, with a little sigh of regret. If

OLD STAMPS STILL SOUGHT.

The Collecting Crase Nearly as Vigor Ever-High Prices.



copper to \$250. They are the result of years of collections by those whose taste and time give them opportunity to gratify their inclination, and who, when

surfeited with collection work, dispose of them to the highest bidder. Many of them find a market here. In this store, perhaps, there is a more varied assortment than can be found in any other store in New York. There is a more varied class of patronage as well, representing every "Queer conceit, that," muttered the curious one.

"Not very," put in a companion, "I know a dollar bill in this city that serves as a mortuary record for a coterie of gay old chaps. There were a round dozen of them as many years ago. They were old rounders, and many a champagne cork has popped and many a brandy flagon emptied by them. They were a gay lot of rich old sports. It was a New Year's night, and, after making the round of their usual resorts, they wound up in Bohemian Pfaff's place in West Twenty-fourth street. Here one of their number jokingly divided a dollar bill into twelve pieces and, dividing eleven of them among his comrades, suggested that on every New Year's Day they meet at the same place and put the pieces together, the absence of a piece to indicate the death of its holder. This was agreed to, and faithfully at the appointed hour on the first day of the year the jolly old cronies used to meet and crack jokes and bottles as they put that old dollar bill together.

"The first piece was missed about five class of individual, from the stamp crank, who has almost finished his collection and must get the missing one or two stamps whatever be the cost. He may be old in years, but his enthusiasm in the matter of postage-stamps more than compensates for what he lacks in enthusiasm for the natural things of the world.

Then, beside him, and perhaps as enthusias Then, beside him, and perhaps as enthusiastic, is the youngster barely out of his swaddling clothes, whose childish fancy runs on stamps and whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to pay \$2.50 for a two-cent stamp that happens to be eight or ten years old. Again, on the other side, is the person who has got his fill of stamps and whose collection is more of a bore than anything else. He has his little book tacked under his arm, the book representing the work of his own. He has his little book tacked under his arm, the book representing the work of his own years or some generation before. He does not want it, perhaps the store don't want it, but he offers it with all the pride of one whose labors in this special line has been especially well rewarded. It is in this way that the immense collections grow, and it is by the youngster in short trousers and the crank that the stock to a certain extant is diminished.

diminished.

The stamp craze is just as powerful now as The stamp craze is just as powerful now as ever. A few years ago a man might be called a monomaniac did he spend his time in the pursuit of such, as some would say, puerile work, but now the numbers in his same work have increased so remarkably that it is considered quite the fashion to have a stamp collection, whether it be good or bad, large or small. Many wholesale collectors, as in the case of the Broadway collector, employ agents all over the world, who exchange in Ecquador the special stamp of that country for the stamp of America or Europe. From America, in turn, are sent the stamps of this country. What is lacking here is supplied from abroad.

America, in turn, are sent the stamps of this country. What is lacking here is supplied from abroad.

The stock of stamps here is placed in books, in special blanks marked for their reception. The price is fixed beneath each, and when a stamp is detached there is found underneath, in printed characters, its kind, color, value when issued and other marks, so that if it is sold, when a second is obtained it is placed in the vacancy, thus saving time, expense and labor. There is a remarkably vigorous business in this special line, a sufficient number of houses being in the business to make it lively. All make good profits.

England Importing "Garden Truck."

portunities which the British farmer is letting slip, there is no diminution in the importation of foreign market-garden and farm-yard produce. The other day there arrived in Birmingham market five tons of eggs from Austria, ten tons of horse-radish from Belgium, ten truck-loads of onions from Spain, and a large quantity of poultry from Russia. Onions, too, are now being imported from Egypt; and all the while our farmers are becoming bankrupt by scores, and thousands of acres of land are falling out of cultivation. We are, of course, bound to grow a certain quantity of wheat, and we ought to grow double the number of quarters that we do; but there is ample room for the extended cultivation of market-garden stuff and for the production of eggs and poultry. If we are to be largely dependent upon foreigners for our wheat supply, we might at least make some serious effort to redress the balance by making our own cheese and butter and raising our own poultry. other day there arrived in Birmingham market

Shooting Susquehanna Ducks From Coffins.

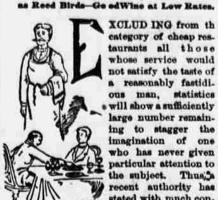
[From the Baltimore American.]
The duck shooting is done in the main, from sink boxes and bushwhack boats. A few ducks are killed from behind floating blinds, but the number in compartison with those slain from the boats is very small. A sink box is a wooden boat about six an ordinary-sized man to be in and have space for two breach-loading guns and a supply of cartridges. ed almost exactly like a coffin. It sets It is shaped almost exactly like a coffin. It sets nearly even with the water. From the sides are extended wide wings, made of muslin, fastened to boards like slats, which have two or three sets of hinges at intervals. There are generally three sets of these wings at the bow, and two each on the port and starboard sides, and one each on the stern. They extend out on the sides two or three feet, and further at the bow. They lie on the water and rise and fall with the waves. They are used to keep the water from washing

over the gunner. As a further protection to him whatever wafer dashes over the muslin-covered boards is caught by a foir-inch strip of lead nailed to the narrow deck all around the coffin and turned up at the outer edge. This throws the water back. The wings are folded up when the coffin is out of the water. These sink boats are anchored and fourteen from decoy ducks, weigning ten pounds, made at the foundry at Perryville at a cost of 85 cents, are placed all around the coffin, and wooden decoys are next and further out, in all about four hundred. Mere are placed at the sides and stern than at the bow. The coffin, of course, lies with her bow to the tide or wind, and the gunner inside, face upward, and nearly level with the water. When the ducks come, they silways "round to "or "luff up" in the wind, and prepare to settle among the decoys on the sides or at the stern. The experienced guaner knows when to rise and let them have it. AN ITALIAN'S WAY OF DINING

THE EVENING WORLD: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

PLAIN DISHES AND WHOLESOME FOOD IN A CHEAP RESTAURANT.

even Different Styles of Macaroni at 10 Centa a Dish—Five Kinds of Soup and a Bewildering Variety of Meats for the Diner to Choose from Sparrows Served as Reed Birds Go odWine at Low Rates.



KEEPING A DEATH RECORD.

A Queer Custom Kept Up by Twelve Jelly

Old Sports.

lar?" was asked of a barkeeper in a popular

uptown resort, by a customer who pointed at

one of Uncle Sam's paper promises to pay

handsomely framed, and hanging behind the

bar. "That's the first money taken in over this

bar," was the reply.
"Queer conceit, that," muttered the curi-

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to " The Evening World

At to-day's market prices the material for this

Fish. Baked Halibut

DESSERT.
Rice Pudding.
Lemon Pie. Cheese.
Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

It Was All Over.

[From the Chicago Sribune,]
... Why, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl,

you don't mean that it is all over between you

"What I have told you," replied the Boston

MESSIS. RIKER & SON.

MESSIS. RIKER & SON.

DEAR SIDS: I have had a very heavy cold and have been doing everything to cure it, but in vain, until I heard of RIKER'S REPRETORANT, which I got, and it relieved me at once, and in the end cured me: I recommend it to all suffering as I was, and thought it my duty to write to you about it. I remain.

White fish, 15c.
Pickers, 12c. to 15c.
Frost fish, 8c.
Flounders, 10c.

melts, 20c. melts, 20c.

Numpkins, 30c.
Minkirooms. St. quart.
Minkirooms. St. quart.
Cauliflowers, 15c. to 35c.
Lettiqee, 6c. hadd.
Horserses. Hoo. quart.
Horserses. Too. quart.
Horserses. Sec. halfpeol.
Lima beans. 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plants, 2 bunches for
25c.

dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c. Porterbouse steak, 25c. Sirioin steak, 18 to 20c.

pring chicken, pair. Roast chicken, 14 to 22c. lb. Roast chicken, 14 to 22c. lb.

, \$3.50 to \$4. doz. George, 18 to 20c. Duoks, 18 to 20c. y ducks, 12c. to 15c. backs, \$3.50 pair.

ise, \$1.50 pair, ridge, 75c, to \$1.25 pair, i birds, \$1 dosen, heads, \$1.50 pair, ards, \$1 pair, , 75c, to 95c, pair,

Log mutton, 16c. Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c. Log yeal, 20c.

"What is there peculiar about that dol-

XCLUD ING from th entegory of cheap restaurants all those whose service would not satisfy the taste of a reasonably fastidious man, statistics a will show a sufficiently large number remaining to stagger the

recent au recent stated with much conclusiveness that of the peculiar class of eaterred to there are below Four-rench restaurants

nondescript character. Between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth streets there are thirty-eight French restaurants, eighty-seven Ger-man and thirteen American, and that above this limit it is difficult to find a single good

this limit it is difficult to find a single good cheap restaurant.

In an out-of-the-way corner east of the Bowery, there is a little Italian restaurant which is unique in its way, although its exterior unpretensiousness and the fact that it is patronized almost exclusively by a colony of better-class Italians on the east side, has prevented it from becoming known even to the Bohemian world, which usually knows where all queer places of this kind are to be found.

jokes and bottles as they put that our donation bill together.

"The first piece was missed about five years ago. One of the old boys had gone to the grave, and the last time I saw them as they patched up the mutilated bill these was another shred gone. This was shortly before Pfaff went out of business. I don't know how many of them now survive." where all queer places of this kind are to be found.

It is kept by an old Italian woman who used to be a friend of Garibaldi's when he lived in this country. Her husband in those days was one of the great patriot's followers. As a memento of those times she has a large, smoked-begrimed lithographic portrait of Garibaldi'hanging on the wall in the front dining-room, which bears below the picture the autograph of the famous General with a dedication to his friend, the restaurateur. The two rooms which compose the restaurant are very plainly furnished—too democratically, some who are accustomed to the finer and more elegant service of an uptown table d'hôte, might think, but everything is scrupulously neat. The napkins, cloth and dishes never show a speck of dirt. Those who can put up with sanded floors, hard-bottom chairs, coarse linen and steel knives and forks, can get along very comfortably and with no loss of dignity or self-respect.

The unique thing about this restaurant, however, is its table. Contrary to the usual rule in restaurants it does not furnish a table d'hôte. Everything is served a la carte from the beginning to the end of the hell and for

d'hôte. Everything is served à la carte from the beginning to the end of the bill, and for no single dish is more than 15 cents charged, while the majority of the dishes, including all the national dainties, which it is said are here

while the majority of the dishes, including all the national dainties, which it is said are here alone to be had, are put down at 10 cents apiece. It should be observed that the entire bill of fare is printed in Italian, and without a slight knowledge of this language the average stranger who wandered into the place would be entirely at sea.

Starting at the beginning, the bill enumerates five different kinds of soups, Italian paste, tagliarini, capelletti, macaroni and minestrone, of any of which a large and generous bowl will be cooked to order for the sum of 10 cents. Under ordinary circumstances, after eating this first instalment the patron finds that the sharpness of the edge has gone off his appetite, but he can usually find a place for some one of the seven different kinds of macaroni that are served. These include capelletti al sugo, which, according to an Italian authority, cannot be obtained anywhere else in this city. As the name implies, they resemble little caps in form about an inch in diameter, made of Italian paste and filled with a delicious sort of mincement. They are fried in olive oil and served with brown gravy. Ravioli is also another characteristic Italian dish which can be obtained here.

After the soups and macaronis came the

and served with brown gravy. Ravion is also another characteristic Italian dish which can be obtained here.

After the soups and macaronis came the meats. Of these there is a bewildering pariety. Among the names, of which the following are translations, which appear in the bill of fare, are Milanese cutlets, Florence chops, Neapolitan steak, Genoese tenderloin, Roman roast, and so on after various places in Italy, and besides there are idifferent kinds of game and poultry, all with more or less fantastic titles, but without any attempt to disguise the character of the food. The only dishes for which 15 cents is charged are poultry and game, a half of a broiled duck or chicken or reed birds being given for this price.

To wash down a dinner or luncheon like this an ordinary claret is sold at 15 cents a bottle, which seems to answer every requirement of the Italian patrons of the place, while those who are more fastidious would probably call for chiant, which the proprietor imports, he says, directly from the vineyards of a friend in Italy. It certainly tastes

very differently from the flasks filled with flavored California stuff that is commonly sold for chianti in the best restaurants. Vermouth, cognac and cordials of various kinds are served in glasses that re-semble schooners at the rate of 10 cents a glass.

NOT THE CUSTOMERS.

It to the Bartonders Who Smash Most of the



M HOEVER has so far overcome his scruples as to enter a barroom for the purpose of getting a drink of lemonade must have noticed the great display of fragile glassware there made, and if his thirst for Apollonaris and the juice of the lemon

has made such visits frequent, he has doubtless seen some of these beautiful examples of the glassworker's art broken into a thousand

the glassworker's art broken into a thousand (or less) pieces.

This item of breakage is by no means an inconsiderable one and it is not occasioned by the careless overturning of the fancifully constructed pyramids of champagne and whiskey glasses some bartenders delight in building on their back bars, but it occurs in the daily use of the vessels which convey to men's mouths that which "steals away their brain."

In one saloon in the lower part of the city.

men's mouths that which "steals away their brain."

In one saloon in the lower part of the city, whose proprietor boasts that its doors have never been closed for a single hour since they were first opened to the public, the breakage of glassware aggregates \$2 per day. At another popular resort not far from Newspaper Row, where the expert Ganymedes of the bar juggle with the glasses in a manner to make one's head swim, the breakage per diem amounts to even more than this sum.

In these places the common glasses, which are most frequently broken, cost from a shilling to 15 cents apiece, so that it will be seen that about fifteen of the combinations of sodium, silicon and skill go to the junkman. "More glasses are broken by bartenders than by customers, twelve to one," declared a veteran saloon man.

HE HAD HIS EYES OPEN.

Push-Cart Man Proves to be a Match for the Spotter.

An itinerant street merchant, whose stock n trade consisted of a push-cart, a box full of maple sugar and a pair of scales, opened business in Pine street yesterday. He put out a sign, "Fresh Vermont Maple Sugar," and leaned against a telegraph pole to wait

and leaned against a telegraph pole to wait for trade. A young man bought a two-cent lump of sugar and bit into it.

"See here," said he, "this is a barefaced swindle. This is common brown sugar, flavored with something."

"Impossible," said the dealer. "It is the best in market. I buy him myself."

"Then you were cheated. Don't you know maple sugar when you see it? And don't you know enough not to advertise fresh maple sugar before election day?"

"Maybe not. I do the best I can. And besides, this is true. This is the fresh maple sugar."

besides, this is true.

sugar."

Oh, is it? Don't you know that fresh maple sugar is not made until March?"

"Ah, sir, believe me, this is a very early crop."

"You ought to get rich, you ought. You've

You ought to get rich, you ought. You've got the cheek of a mule. That's right, stick to it that its fresh maple sugar and may be some one will believe you. You've got nerve enough." With that the young man walked. walked on.
The street merchant leaned once more

against the telegraph pole. A smile worked its way down his brown face.

"I know him," said he. "He's a spotter from the boss. I do business on shares, and I'm a new man. I have my eyes open, and you can bet on that."

AT THE STAR THEATRE LAST NIGHT. Several young girls wore short sealskin

A plump occupant of a back seat wore a black satin Breton mantle, trimmed with velvet. The back was elaborately arranged in Watteau plaits. A girl in the centre of the dress circle work

a peacock blue velvet hat with an extremely prominent poke, trimmed with three rows of silver braid and very much befeathered. A handsome mantle was that in which a lady sitting near the centre sisle was envel-oped. It was of limousine cloth, trimmed

oped. It was of limousine cloth, trimmed with fur and passementeric buttons. It was lined with the darkest claret-colored velvet possible to imagine.

A young girl who sat in the fourth row of the orchestra seats wore an enormous silk beaver hat of a chestnut brown hue, trimmed with moire ribbon and "garnished" with steel pins. It was very nice, but it shut of the stage to those behind her.

A lady who stepped nimbly from a brougham and told "James" in loud tones to return at midnight wore a pale-clolored plush dolman fitting exquisitely and made with a train. Beneath this was a light blue silk evening dress. She was accompanied by a solitary mamma.

solf, and, firmly believing Hilliard to be insane, he forced him down the front steps and locked the door in his face.

For ten minutes, perhaps, the jealous husband wsited, crouching in the shadow of some trees; but as the doctor showed no disposition to come out, he turned his wrathful face homeward. His wife was awaiting him at the cottage gate, uneasy and anxious at his unusual delay.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, running forward to meet him; I'm so glad you've come! What made you so late?" Then, catching sight of his ghastly fuce. "Oh, what is the matter?" she continued in affright, "Harry, Harry, you are ill!"

He caught her arm with a grip that seemed to crush it.

"Worse than ill!" he answered hoarsely—" disgraced; dishonored, and by you!—the woman I loved and trusted so? Great heaven! I believe I'm mad! Get out of my sight fore! I forgot that you are the mother of my shild."

But she clung to him with all her might. "Oh, my love! What is it?—what do you mean?" she crien. "Why do you speak these terrible words, Harry?"

"Can you ask me?" he replied, freezing into a studden and sconnful calmness more terrible words, Harry?"

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"Can you ask me?" he replied, freezing afternoon? Where have you been every; afternoon? Where have you been every; afternoon this week? Meeting your old lover—driving about the country with him; it is a beat to the with the words and the second of the words. The second

once and forever!"

She hesitated, making one more effort to clasp his neck; but he hurled her from him with cruel force.

Belle was a spirited little woman when her

A Suggestion for Swells. [From the St. James's Budget.] The Argentine poncho is a great institution, and feome fashionable swell would set the style by

wearing it, it would add greatly to our comfe and convenience. There never was a garmen better adapted for out-of-door use, and particularly for plainsmen or those who are much in the saddle. It is a blanket of ordinary size, with a split in the centre through which the head goes; and the fold-hang down as far as the knees, giving free use to the arms, but always furnishing them and the rest of the body shelter. In summer it shields the wearer from the heat of the sun, in winter it is as warm as an ulser and in rainy days takes of the body shelter. In summer it shields the wearer from the heat of the sun, in winter it is as warm as an ulsier and in rainy days takes the place of an umbrella. The native is never without it, summer or winter, afoot or horseback, at home or abroad. It stays by him like his shadow and gives him an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. Ponchos were formerly made of the hair of the vicuna, a sort of a cross between the llama and the antelope, found in the Bolivia Andes. Before the conquest vicuna was the royal ermine of the Incas, and none but persons of princely blood were allowed to wear it. A vicuna poncho is as soft as velvet and as durable as steel. You can find plenty of them in Argentine and Chill that have been in the old families for two centuries or more, and have been handed down with the family jeweis as helricoms. They never wear out, and, like lace, improve with age. But genuine vicuna ponchos are hard to get and very expensive, costing often as much as a camel's-hair shaw. The color is a delicate favn and will not change when wet, which is a sure test of its genuineness.

A Hundred Years Hence.

[Frem the Omaha World.]
First Lady Juror—There seems to be no doubt that the prisoner murdered his wife.

Second Lady Juror—Yes, isn't he handsome? Third Lady Juror-The poor fellow hasn't had a

single bouquet sent to him to-day.

Fourth Lady Juror—But you know the ladies weren't sure he was guilty.

Fifth Lady Juror—Of course not; they didn't hear haif the evidence.

Sixth Lady Juror—If we bring him in guilty what will they do?

Seventh Lady Juror—Hang him.

Chorus—Horrors.

Chorus—Horrors. Eighth Lady Juror—Why not say the second Rights Lady Juror—Why not say the second legree?
Ninth Lady Juror—Then they'd imprison the poor man for life. Chorus—Horrors.
Tenth Lady Juror—It won't do to bring him in

guilty at all.

Eleventh Lady Juror—I'm afraid not.
Twelfth Lady Juror—Of course not. If he is locked up we can't any of us marry him.

15,000 Wild Ducks Shot in a Day.

(Frem the Boltimore American.)
The best record ever made in the Susquehanna selds was about eight years ago, when on the opening day, William Dobson, of Havre de Grace, opening day, William Dobson, of Havre de Grace, an expert guinner, killed from a box 540 and burst a fine gun before he stopped. He kept two men busy all day picking up dead ducks. His second gun got at times too hot to hold. Ten or fifteen years ago 15,000 were killed in a day's shooting. In an average season there are here about fifty boxes and 160 bushwackers. The capital invested in the business is from \$75,000 to \$100,000. This includes boats, decoys, boxes, guns, etc. From 25,000 to 85,000 ducks have been killed in a season in latter years. They are sold everywhere. The best prices are given in New York, Washington, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia. No wild fowl can equal in flavor a Susquehanna canvasback duck.

Plenty of Would-Be Detectives.

[From the New Fork Pribune,]
The number of men who believe themselves os pable of becoming Vidocqs legion. Inspecto Byrnes is constantly besleged with letters and per-sonal applications from young men who have read detective books and stories until they have con-ceived grand cureers as detectives for themselves. They invariably tell how they would shadow a great criminal and bring him to justice for the commission of crime.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J. G.—Lord Wolseley was born near Dublin June 4, 1883. E. C. S.—''If an alien dies leaving property all with his earnings, does his wife inherit it or does it go the State?' There are forty-eight different laws on this subject,

W. P.—"To decide a bet, please inform me what is the salary of the Viceroy of India." The salary is 20,833 rupees per month.

A. W. A.—The World would be giad to furnish the information you desire, if it were not for the fact that you are ashamed to give your address. M.O.—"What number drew the prize in the lot-tery of the Little Sisters of the Poor at the Septem-ber drawing?" It is a misdemeanor to answer your question. It is a felony to held a lottery. A. M.—To buy lottery tickets is not unlawful; to sell them is unlawful. To furnish any information whatever, either orally or in writing or by signs concerning lottery tickets, where they may be bought or what prizes have been drawn, is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment. F. J. C.—"11 a man be a citizen and his wife an allen, can she succeed to his farm if he wills it to her r." A citizen can have an allen wife only when he marries a Mongolian, Malsy, Tartar, Moor, Esquimau, Kanaka, Polynesian, Indian or other person not eligible to naturalisation. Is such case it will depend upon the local law. There are forty-eight of these laws within the United States.

[From Harper's Reser.]
Counsel (to witness)—Is if possible, Uncle
Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?
Uncle Rastus (indignantly)—No, sahl de gemmen guv me two dollars.

She Was High-Toned.

"Your friend, Mrs. McSwilligen, is quite loquations, I think," remarked a caller to Mrs. Snaggs,
"Indeed she isn't," replied Mrs. Snaggs, anxious to defend the absent, "there is nothing low about her."

WHY cough when ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BAL-

with cruel force.

Belle was a spirited little woman when her temper was up; and it was fairly up now. She turned from him with one blaring glance.

"You'll repent this, sir! You'll repent it when 'tis too late!" she said. And, with the step of an outraged queen, she left him.

Ten minutes later, and, with her babe in her arms, she was on her way to her father's house.

Left to himself, the miserable man entered his desolate house, and sat down alone. His frenzied passion had spent itself, and his heart ached with a sharp and bitter pain. All about him were numberless triffes that spoke of her presence—her wrapper on the bed, her dainty slippers beneath her chair, a bit of unfinished embroidery, a knot of ribbon that adorned her hair; the very odorous atmosphere of the room was suggestive

That's the only word that expresses it, sir, and you'll acknowledge yourself to be something worse than that presently. Come, keep cool, sir—we'll not have any sparring just now. I thought you a madman this afternoon when you burst into my house, and I'm not sure of your sanity now. But your wife is an uncommonly sharp-witted woman; and between us, she and myself have got at the bottom of your malady. I was one of your wife's admirer's, Mr. Hilliard, when she was Celle Hathaway—one of her lovers, I may say, and it cut pretty deep when you won her away from me. But I'm a man of honor and the day she became your wife my love for her ended."

"You lie; didn't I see you?" shouted poor Harry, consumed with angry impatience.

A Possible Bleeding Links, [From the Chicago Flores.] One of the Crow Indians who, in the la

the political orator, has taken up arms upon is the best Government the sun eyer shone upon is called "Wraps-Up-His-Tall," A durious name is called "Wraps-Up-His-Tall," A durious name is this, and it would be highly interesting to know from what it is derived. Why, by the way, may not "Wraps-Up-His-Tail" be Darwin's missing link, with strong personal reasons for concealing his identity?

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TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TE ST. TONY PASTOR AND NEW SHOW.

told. Of course you saw me this afternoon and perhaps every afternoon this week, walking and driving with Miss Carrie Dunbar, my affianced wife. And she, Miss Carrie, in addition to being a blonde and a trifle like your wife, wears a very handsome silk dress, Paris green, I believe, and your wife tells me that ahe happens to have a dress out from the very same material. Do you comprehend, Mr. Hilliard!"

The crestfallen husband did comprehend. Hilliard!"
The crestfallen husband did comprehend, and buried his face in his hands, with a great

The crestfallen husband did comprehend, and buried his face in his hands, with a groan of despair.

"Let me explain a little further," continued the good-hearted doctor. "Your wife was out for several afternoons. Do you wish to know how she was employed? I can tell you, sir. She was giving music lessons at the Grove Road Academy, in order to raise a little fund of her own to help you out of your difficulties, because, as she told me with tears in her eyes, you had cramped yourself to buy her that lovely green dress, and she meant to get her money first, and give you a pleasant surprise. And now, sir, my say is ended, and I bid you good evening."

Whereupon the doctor bowed himself out, leaving the mistaken man to his own miserable reflections. For an hour, perhaps, he sat immovable, his face buried in his hands, and the rush and roar of the summer storm in his ears; only one thought in his tortured mind—"She'll never come back to me!"

At last he arose, looking like an aged man, made so by the few hours of agony through which he had passed. He would go to her and beg her forgiveness on his knees, and if she refused him, as he knew she would, from henceforth he would be an an outcast and a wanderer.

He reached the door just as a timid, tremu-

henceforth he would be an an outcast and a wanderer.

He reached the door just as a timid, tremulous hand touched the bell. There she stood, all drenched and dishevelled by the storm, the babe in her arms and a look of sorrowful reproach in her sweet face.

'Oh, Belle, have you come back to me?"

Yes, Harry, I have come. I couldn't bear to think of you all by yourself this dismal night; but it was cruel for you to doubt me!"

mal night; but it was cruel for you to doubt me!"

She advanced a step, looking into his white and anguish-marked face, and the tears filled her eyes. She held the babe with one arm, and clasped him close with the other—close to her true woman's heart.

"My poor darling, how you have suffered," she sobbed, kissing her husband again and again. "Forgive!—that I will; and, dearest you need never doubt me, for I would sooner be your wife, and my boy's mother, than a throned queen."

And, in his great joy and deep humility, her husband trusted her with love's perfect faith.

HE scene was Minster

out his purse and counting down the money with a kind of desperation, adding, mentally, "Belle shall have one decent dress, if it does cramp us a little."

The shopman put it up with alacrity; and taking the parcel ander his arm, the young husband hurried homeward. His wife was at the gate awaiting him as usual, daintily dressed in an airy summer cambric, her curls full of rosebuds, and her fine baby boy in her arms. arms.
"Here's something for you, Belle," said her husband, after the profuse salutations were ended.

She put the babe in his arms, and snatching

her husband, after the profuse salutations was homeward way, with a little sigh of regret. If the fine, manly fellow had one weakness, it was admiration for these tinsel gewgaws.

"If Belle could have that," he soliloquized, eysing a splendid Paris green silk that unrolled its gleaming billows in the afternoon sunlight, "how glorious she would look! The poor girl hasn't a decent frock: she was the shabbiest woman at the Belmonte' party! And what will she wear at the Delameres' ball? I've half a mind to buy her that dreas."

And so Harry walked in and asked the price of the gorgeous Paris green.

"Only five guiness the dress, sir; a bargain—a real bargain, sir; only two patterns in all London. Mr. Dunbar, the banker, bought the other this morning. Shall I put it up sir;"

The young man hesitated. In his pocket was his month's salgry, but there were so many demands to be met. Such an extravagance would put him terribly behindhand. He shook his head and turned resolutely away.

"Let me persuade you, sir," continued the shopman; "you'll not meet such another hargain shortly. Only see how magnificent the color is! How pleased your good lady wulld be!"

Test me persuade you, sir," continued the shopman; "you'll not meet such another hargain shortly. Only see how magnificent the color is! How pleased your good lady wulld be!"

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every bow and ruffle by heart. There she came; she had put it on and come to walk home with him. That was nice in Bella! His heart thrilled with pride and pleasure, and he rushed down to the entrance to welcome her. But instead of coming on she passed at the corner, and a gentleman came rapidly down the opposite street, and joined her. Harry knew him at a glance, and his heart gave a wild leap, as his wife put her hand on his arm, and walked off by his sigle. It was young Dr. Danford, one of Belle's old levers. What in the world could it mean? The doctor had been terribly in love with Belle, and her parents favored his suit because he was well off, but Belle had chosen Harry, despite his limited income as head clerk in a mercantile house. But what was she walking off with her old lover in that style for? and wearing her ball dress, too! Harry Hilliard's very finger-tips tingled. He had plenty of undeveloped jealousy in his composition. He went back to his desk, but work was out of the question, and after awhile he went home. His wife met him in the passage, looking flushed and excited.

"Have you been out, Belle?" he asked, carelessly, but with his heart in his mouth. She colored and hesitated, and then making an evasive answer, hurried away.

A keen pang pierced her husband's heart like a knife. For the first time in their happy married life, he doubted her. The dinner was a pretence, the evening passed wearily, and on the following morning Harry went to his office with a heavy heart. At the same hour in the afternoon he took his station at the window, and after a short interval the pretty figure appeared, wearing its green robe and dainty hat. It was Belle, he would have sworn to it; and almost at the same instant, the doctor appeared, and the two marched off side by side.

The young husband covered his face with his hands. She was false then, the wife he loved better than his own life! He groaned, in agony, then a paroxyam of rage seized him, and matching up his hat, he rushed down, and started after them. B

Viiiiiiiii

THERE SHE STOOD, THE BARR IN HER ARMS.

was out, she said, in answer to his inquiries; she went out every afternoon of late. His worst fears were confirmed. He turned back towards his office, like an insane man, his eyes bloodshot, his face livid; then, changing his mind again, he hurried off towards Trenton street, determined to await their return.

The sweet summer afternoon went slowly by, and the stars came out like jewels in the purple sky, and still the miserable husband watched and waited. By-and-by, in the dim twilight, the doctor returned on foot, and alone; and ascended his steps, a dreamy light in his handsome eyes. The jealous husband went at him like a madman; and seeing his terrible plight, and supposing him to be fearfully ill, the doctor drew him into his sanetum.

fully ill, the doctor drew him into his sane-tum.

"Why, Hilliard," he cried, "in Heaven's name, what's the matter?"

"Enough's the matter, you villain," thundered Hilliard, "and you know it. Don't think to deceive me with your innocent face. I've caught you at your base work! How dare you tamper with my wife? I'll have your life for it."

Whereupon he seized the doctor by the throat and began to shake and pumme! him in a most vigorous manner. But the doctor being a strong man, was not much taken aback; he very soon succeeded in freeing him-